

Metallica, Sweet Amber (St. Anger Cd)

Wash your back so you won't stab mine
Get in bed with your own kind
Live you life so you don't see mine
Drape your back so you won't shine
Ooh then she holds my hand
And I lie to get a smile
Using what I want
To get what you want
Ooh sweet amber
How sweet are you?
How sweet does it get?
Chase the rabbit, fetch the stick
She rolls me over 'till I'm sick
She deals in habits, deals in pain
I run away but I'm back again
Ooh then she holds my hand
And I lie to get a smile
And she squeezes tighter
I still lie to get a smile
She holds that pen that spells the end
She traces me and draws me in